**** TWO AMERICANS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Here she sometimes met another kind o

without reproach, until one day Monsieu Alphonse's parents took him away, and the

seventeen years' experience warned the American infant of twenty against possible

One day, it was near the examination for prizes, and her funds were running low, she

was obliged to seek one of those humbler res-

taurants she knew of, for her frugal break-

fast. But she was not hungry, and after a few mouthfuls left her meal unfinished as

young man entered and half abstractedly too

a seat at her table. She had already moved

before the comptoir to pay her few sous, when, chancing to look up in a mirror which hung above the counter reflecting the in-

terior of the cafe, she saw the stranger, after

asting a hurried glance around him, remove from her plate the broken roll and even th crumbs she had left and as hurriedly sweet them in his pocket handkerchief. There was nothing very strange in this; she

something like it before in those humbler cafes—it was a crib for the birds in the Tulleries gardens or the poor artist's sub-

stitute for rubber in correcting his crayon drawing! But there was a singular flushing

of his handsome face in the not that stirred

pathy with another, and in the chatter of

her companions with the young painters a certain levity disturbed her. Suddenly she

stopped; she had resched a less frequenced room; there was a slogle easel at one side

but the stool before it was empty and its

the window with his back toward her; he

had drawn a silk handkerchief from his

pocket. She recognized his square shoulders,

she recognized the bandkerchief, and as he

unrolled it she recognized the fragments of her morning's breakfast as he began to eat them. It was the ose-armed man.

noticing her, and even resumed his place before the easel without being aware of her

architectural study of one of Camaletto's palaces. Even her inexperienced eyes were

struck with its vigor and fidelity. But she was also conscious of a sense of disappoint

ment. Why was he not, like the others, copying one of the masterpieces? Becoming at last aware of a motionless woman behind

him, he arose, and with a slight gesture of courtery and a half-hesitating 'Vous verrea,

micux ia, midemoiselle," moved to-one side.
"Thank you," said Miss Maynard in English. "But I did not want to disturb you."

"From my bad French?"
"No. Because you did not look up to

or young,"

He smiled. "And you, mademoiselle, you

"Oh, no. The giants like Titian and Cor-

"But you have been a soldier," she said.

"Not much. Only during our war-until I was compelled to handle nothing larger than

York and as I was no use there I came here

reggio must be served with both hands. I have only one," he said, nalf lightly half

rst time. "Ah, you are English,"
"No! I am American."
His face lightened. "So am I."
"I thought so," she said.

attempt masterpleers.

quick intuition.

late occupant was standing in a recess by

There was an exchange of police amenities. (Copyright, 1897, by Bret Harte.) Perhaps if there was anything important "And your name, ma petite?" "Helen." in the migration of the Maynard family to responded the young girl, naively . "What's Europe it rested solely upon the singular fact that Mr. Maynard did not go there in the expectation of marrying his daughter to a nobleman. A Charleston mechant, whose house tepresented two honorable gen-

crations, had, thirty years ago, a certain self.

Ferpect which did not require extraneous aid the glided dust of the boulevards as the poor student thoughtfully, "but," brightening up again.

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For part which did not require extraneous aid the glided dust of the boulevards as the poor student thoughtfully, "but," brightening up again. erations, had, thirty years ago, a certain seit respect which did not require extraneous aid and foreign support, and it is exceedingly probable that his intention of spending a few years abload had no ulterior mutive other than pleasure seeking and the observation of many things—principally of the plat—thou of the boulevards or the filth of by-weys; knew all the best shops for her friends and the cheapest for her own scant shous whose sadness she understood, and reckless chorns girls, whose gayety she didn't. She knew where the count in the galled dust of the boulevards or the filth of they were his—in the cheapeshops in the Rue Poissonier ticketed at a few frances whose gayoty she didn't. She knew where the carries to constitute the principal of the part—and which was the cheapest for her own scant she understood, and reckless chorns girls, whose gayety she didn't. She knew where the carries to find the principal of the part—and the plate of the boulevards or the filth of the principal of the plate of t he did not necessarily represent an articleracy. With a distinguishing dislect of which
he was not ashamed, a frank familiarity of
appeach, joined to an invincible courtesy
of manner which made even his republican
"Sir" count to the ordinary address to roymity, he was always respected and seldem
misunderstood. When he was, it was unfortimate for these was misunderstood him. misunderstood. When he was, it was unfortunate for three who misunderstood him. He type was as distinctive and original rehis consin's, the Englishman, whom it was not the fashion then to finitate. So that, whether in the hotel of a capital, the kursaal of a spa, or the humbler pension of a Swiss village, he was always characteristic. Less so was his wife, who, with the chameleon quality of her transplanted country, women, was already Parisian in dress. Still less so his daughter, who had by this time absorbed the peculiarities of her Fr ncb.

bad yet learned to evade their nationality—
or apologize for it.

Mr. Maynard and his family remained for three years in Europe, his stay having been prolonged by political excitement in his own state of Sauth Carolina. Company 1 and 1 are side sometimes met another kind of independence in Monsieur Alphonse, aged 22, and she who ought to have been Mane. Alphonse, aged 17, and they often exchanged greetings on the landing with great respect toward each tother, and oddly enough, no confusion or distrait. Later they are sometimes met another kind of independence in Monsieur Alphonse, aged 22, and she who ought to have been Mane. Alphonse, aged 17, and they often exchanged greatings on the landing with great respect toward each tother, and oddly enough, no of South Carolina. Commerce is apt of South Carolina. Commerce is apt confusion or distrait. Later they even bor rowed each other's matches without fear and to knock the insularity out of people; distance from one's own distinctive locality gives a wider range to the vision, and the relied merchant foresaw ruin in his state's politics, and from the viewpoint of all Europe beheld, instead of the usual collective beheld, instead of the usual collective behald, instead of the usual collective behald in the collective behald in th tion of individual states, his whole country. But, the excitement increasing, he was finally impelled to return in the faint hene of doing something to allay it, taking his one and her funds wife with him, but leaving his daughter at e school in Parts. At about this time, how-ever, a single cannon shot fired at the national flag on Fort Sumter shock the whole country, reverberating even in Europe, sending some econest hearts back to do battle for state or country, sending others less carnest into Inglorious exile, but, saddest of all, knocking over the school bench of the girl at the Paris Pensionnat. For that shot had sunk Maynard's ships at the Charleston wharves, scattered his piled cotton bales awalting shipment at the quays, and drove him a ruined man into the "Home Guard" against his better judgment. Helen Maynard, like a good girl, had implored her father to let her return and share his risks. But the answer was "to walt" until this nine s' madness of an uprising was over. That madness lasted six years, outlived Maynard, whose gray misdoubting head bit the dust at Bail's Bluff; outlived his colorless widow,

and left Nellie a penniless orphan

Yet enough of her country was left in her

shearhed the poculiarities of her Er ncb.

German and Italian governesses. Yet beither

to make her courageous and independent of her past. They say that when she got the news she cried a little and then laid the letter and what was left of her last monthly allowance in Madame Ablas's lap. Madame was devastated. "But you-impoverished and desolated angel! what of you?" "I shall get some of it back," said the desoangel with ingenious speak better French and English than the other girls, and I shall teach them until? her uneasy, until a slight movement revenled I get into the Conservatoire, for I have a the fact that his right sleeve was empty and voice. You yourself have told papa so." pinned to his coat. He was one-armed. She From such angelic directness there was no turned her compressionate eyes aside, yet installed in a teacher's desk-her b som he tendered the waiter the unex, friends and fellow students became her gratuity of a sou. Perhaps he was pupils. To some of the richest, and they eccentric Englishman; he certainly did not were mainly of her own country, she sold look like a Frenchman.

She had quite forgotten the incident and her smartist, latest dresses, jewels, and trinkers at a very good figure—and put the money away against the Conservatoire in the low pupils into the galleries of the Louvre, and as the figure of the low pupils into the galleries of the Louvre, and as the friends. future. She worked hard, she endured pattlently everything but commiseration. "Id have you know, miss," she said to Miss De Laine, daughter of the famous house of Musslin, De Laine & Co. of New York, "that whatever my position here may be it is not one to be patronized by a tapeseller's daughter. My case is not such a very 'sad one, thank you! and I prefer not to be spoken of as having seen 'better days' by people who haven't. There! Don't rap your desk with your pencil when you speak to me, or I shall call out 'Cash!' before the whole class!' So regrettable an exhibition of temper naturally alienated certain of her compatriots who were unduly sensitive of their origin, and as they formed a con-siderable colony who were then revelling in the dregs of the empire and the last orgica

She remained so motionless and breathless that he finished his scant meal without A republican so aristocratic was not to be



"TVE BEEN ALONE HERE FIVE YEARS,"

paid court to De Morny for the phosphorement splenders of St. Cloud and the Tuileries, and Miss Helen lost their favor. But she had already saved enough for the Conservatoire and a little attic in a very tall house in a very narrow street that trickled into the ceaseless flow of the Rue Lafayette Here for four years she trotted backward and forward regularly to her work, with the freshness of youth and the inflexible set purpose of maturity. Here, rain or shine, summer or winter, in the mellow teason when the large cases expanded under the white sunshine into an overflow of little when the large cafes expanded under tables on the payement, or when the red a palette knife. Then I came home to New glow of the brasserie shone through fronty York and as I was no use there I came here panes on the turned up collars of pinched to study.

Parisians who hurried by, she was always to be seen.

Haif Paris bad looked into her clear, gray eyes and passed on; a smaller and not very youthful portion of Paris bad turned and followed her with small advantage to itself and happily no fear to her. For even in her young womanhood she kept her child's love had an innocent camaraderie with street and knowledge of that great city; she even had an innocent camaraderie with street and knowledge of the great city; she even had an innocent camaraderie with street and knowledge of the great city; she even had an innocent camaraderie with street or sid her high for they wanted the put his palette flown and glanced at his property and was killed in hattie with the northerners; I am an orphan—a pupil of the Conservation. It was never her custom to aliude to her family or her lest fortune; she knew hat he got for his pictures, and not why she did it now, but something impelled her to rid her mind of it to him at once. Yet she was palined at his grave and melted before her. In this wholesome, prace pitying face.

"I am from South Carolina," she said, quietly, with a rising color.

He puf his palette flown and glanced at her property and was killed in hattie with the northerners; I am an orphan—a pupil of the Conservation to aliude to her family or her lest fortune; she knew hat he got for his pictures, and added, "more than any those unarers would give."

"I am from South Carolina," she said, quietly, with a rising color.

He puf his palette flown and glanced at her property and was killed in hattie with the northerners; I am an orphan—a pupil of the Conservation to aliude that he got for his pictures, and knew what they saw in my portfolio."

"Of course," said Helen. "Why, that sketch of the housetcp alone was worth a hundred times more than what you—"I am an orphan—a pupil of the Conservation to the housetcp alone was worth a hundred times more than what you—"I am an orphan—a pupil of the Conservation to the housetcp alone. "Of course," said Helen. "Why, that sketch o

shoulder under the missing arm, and opened a portfolio of sketches at his side. "Perhaps they may interest you more than the copy, which I have attempted only to get at this man's method. They are sketches I *************

There was a buttress of Notre Dame, a black such of the Pont Neuf, part of an old court yard in the Faubourg St. Germain—all very fresh and striking. Yet with the recolvery fresh and striking. Yet with the recol-lection of his poverty in her mind she could not help saying: "But if you copied one of these masterpieces you know you could

Induced that of his family lay in his own land, yet, with practical common sense, he educated himself temporarily to his new surroundings. In doing so he had much to learn of others, and others had comething to learn of others, and others had comething people had a high simplicity equal to his people had a high simplicity equal to his core of him. He concerned the rescondable! Miss Maynard own. He concerned their impressions that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a courter had incre or less negro blood in his people had a high simplicity equal to his new made more friends had she cared. He concerns that a miss of the guite s, and lower down the more vivid colors of geraniums and pansies in flower posts under the white dimity currents had increased the province of the chapest flower of the sky line. But it is not not the sorting the climater of rections, domest windows and chimneys, level with the sky line. But it is not not not need at first sight only a confused climneys, level with the sky line. But it is not not not need at first sight only a confused climneys, level with the sky line. But it is not not need at first sight only and and hope, crekindling then the climiter of rections, and the best on windows, yet every sordid detail touched and tather see that satin-faced Parisian girl who transfigured with the poetry and romance had got the prize smirking at the critics of youth and genius. "You have seen this?" she said.

"Yes. It is a study from my window, One must go high for such effects. You would be surprised if you could see how different the air and sunshine—" 'No," she interrupted gently, "I have seen ;

You?" he repeated, gazing at her curi-

'And you see that window?"

was ingeniously fastened by a strap over his early morning to evening, when the curtains

"It is my room," she said simply. afterward that this had long been a foregone conclusion of her teachers on account of some intrinsic defect in her voice. She did not know until long after that the handsome painter's nervousness on that occasion had attracted even the sympathy of some of those who were near him. For she herself had been calm and collected.

Their eyes met with this sudden confession No one else knew how crushing was the blow which shattered her hopes and made her three years of labor and privation a use-less struggle. Yet, though no longer a pupil, she could still teach; her master had found her a small-patronage that saved her from destitution. That night she circled up quite cheerfully in her usual swallow flight to her nest under the eaves, and even twittered on the landing a little over the con-dolences of the concderge, who knew-my God! what a beast time director of the Con-servatoire was and how he could be bribedbut when at last her brown head sank on her pillow she cried-just a little.

But what was all this to that next morn ing, the gloriousespring morning bathed all the roofs of Paris with warmth from the boards of the grand opera than his countrywoman! The Conservatoire set-tled things for Pario, but Paris wasn't the world! America would come to the fore yet in ari of all kinds; there was a free academy there now; there should be a conservatoire of its own. Of course, Parts schooling and Paris experience weren't to be despised in art, but, thank heaven, she had that and no directors could take it from her! This and Helen ran the point of her slim finger much more, until, comparing notes, dong the sketch until it reached a tiny suddenly found that they were both dormer window in the left hand corner half for that day. Why should they not take ad-hidden by an irregular chimney stack. The vantage of that rare weather and rarer opcurtains were closely drawn. Keeping her portunity to make a little suburban excur-finger upon the spot, she said interrogatively: slon? But where? There was the Bolo, sion? But where? There was the Bolo, but that was still Paris. Fontainebleau? "Yes, quite plainly. I remember it was al-ways open and the room seemed empty from in the forest, and he would like for that



SUDDENLY SHE BECAME CONSCIOUS THAT SHE WAS TALKING QUITE CON-

of their equal poverty. "And nine," he said gayly, "from which this view was taken, is in the rear and still higher up on the other. Thither they went. It was not new to

her with a strange pity, made her own check hot with sympathy and compelled her to look They both laughed as if some eingular reat him more attentively. The back that was turned toward her was broad-shouldered and straint had been removed. Helen even forturned toward her was broad-shouldered and sot the incident of the bread in her relief.

symmetrical, and showed a frame that Then they compared notes of their experiat a little distance, she became conscious for the first time that she was talking quite confidentially to a very handsome man, and Ostrander thought this gray-eyed, tingue in dress and bearing, who had stopped before them and were eyeing equally the artist, his work and his companion with somewhat insolent curiosity. Helen felt herself stiffening, her companion drew himself up with soldierly rigidity. For a moment it seemed as if under that banal influence they would part with ceremonious politeness, but suddenly their hands met in a national It was "copying day," and so her friends loitered around the easels of the different handshake and with a frank emile they sepstudents with the easy consciousness of being themselves "artists," she strolled on some-what abstractly before them. Her own art

Helen rejoined her companions. "So you have made a conquest of the recently acquired but unknown Greek statue?" said Mademoiselle Renee lightly. "You should take up a subscription to restore his arm, na petite. If there is a modern sculptor who You might suggest it to the two Russian cognoscenti, who have been hoverling around him as if they wanted to buy him as well as his work. Madame le Princesse is rich enough to indulge her artistic taste." "It is a countryman of mine," said Helen simply. "He certainly does not speak French," said mademoiselle mischievously. "Nor think it," responded Helen with equal vivacity. Neve She thought nothing more of him that day in her finishing exercises. But the next morning as she went to open her window after dressing she drew back with a new consciousness, and then, making a peep hole

presence, The noise of approaching feet gave a fresh impulse to her own, and she moved toward him. But he was evidently in the curtain, looked over the opposite roofs. She had seen them many times before, but accustomed to these interruptions, and now they had acquired a new picturesque worked on steadily without turning his ness, which, as her view was of course the reverse of the poor painter's sketch, must reverse of the poor painter's sketch, must head. As the other footsteps passed her she was emboldened to take a position behind him and glance at his work. It was an Then she glanced curiously along the line of the poor painter's eketch, must have been a transfigured memory of her own. Then she glanced curiously along the line of the poor painter's eketch, must have been a transfigured memory of her own. windows level with hers; all these, however, with their occassional revelations of the menage behind them, were also familiar to with their occassional revelations of the other train an hour later. They could still menage behind them, were also familiar to her, but now she began to wonder which was his. A singular interest at last impelled her to lift her eyes. Higher in the corner house and so near the roof that it scarcely seemed possible for a grown man to stand upright behind it, was an cell de beeuf looking down thin leaves above their heads. Nothing else them to the corner heads and the look in their faces and thrilled the work. upon the other roofs, and framed in that circular opening like a vignette was the hardsome face of Major Ostrander. His eyes with the incendiary fixes of the revolution seemed to be turned toward her window. and then went out blankly and abrupt He glanced quickly at her face for the irst time. "Ah, you are English," he said. Her first impulse was to open it and recog-nize him with a friendly nod. But an odd mingling of mischief and shynese made her

turn away quickly, Nevertheless, she met him the next morning walking slowly so near her house that see if the woman you were polite to was old their encounter might have been scarcely ac-cidental on his part. She walked with him cidental on his part. She walked with him as far as the Conservatoire. In the light of the open street she thought he looked pale and hollow-checked; she wondered if it was from his enforced frugality and was trying to conceive some elaborate plan of obliging him to accept her hospitality, at least for a single meal, when he said; "I think you have brought me luck. Miss Maynard." Helen opened her eyes wonderingly, "The two Russian councisseurs who stared at us so rudely were pleased, however, to also stare at my work. They offered me a fabudid not murmur a compliment to the copy over the artist's back." She smiled, too-yet with a little pang over the bread. But she was relieved to see that he evidently had not recognized her. "You are modest," she said. "You do not

stare at my work. They offered me a fabu-lous sum for one of my sketches. It didn't to me quite the square thing to old Favel, the picture dealer, whom I had forced to take a lot at one-fiftieth the price; so I shouly referred them to him?" "No" said Helen, indignantly, "you were not so foolish?"

Ostrander laughed. "I and atrait what you call my folly didn't avail, for they wanted

once. Yet she was pained at his grave and melted before her. In this wholesome, practical child's experience she naturally avoided of overlooked what would not have interested a child and so kept her freshness and a certain national shrewd simplicity in a certain national shrewd simplicity in the final conditions of the French cagtes which shelter us both."

"I only wanted to explain why I was along gardens, she was approached by a gentleman with a waxen mustache and a still more waxen cheek beneath the heavy ildded eyes.

"I only wanted to explain why I was along the said. A little less aggressively.

With a significance that left her sitent. She did not see him again for several days. The preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries concentration in her work fully preoccupied her thoughts. She was supprised at his grave and I with a significance that left her sitent. She did not see him again for several days. The preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries concentration in her work fully preoccupied her thoughts. She was supprised at his grave and I with a significance that left her sitent. She did not see him again for several days. The preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries concentration in her work fully preoccupied her thoughts. She was supprised at his grave and I with a significance that left her sitent. She did not see him again for several days. The preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries concentration in her work fully preoccupied her thoughts. She was supprised at the preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries concentration in her work fully preoccupied her thoughts. She was supprised at the back of the beack of the beack of the beack of the back of the sum of the latter had the preparation for her examination left her no time and her carries at an along the back of the sum of the latter had the preparation for her examination left her no

Thither they went. It was not new to

ither of them. Ostrander knew it as an French historic tomance-a reader hurried over the sham intrigues of the Oeil de Boeuf, the sham pastorals of the Petit seemed to require stronger neurishment than the simple coffee and roll he had ordered and was devouring slowly.

His clothes, well made though worn, fitted him in a smart so lerlike way and accented his decided military braring. The singular use of his left hand in lifting his sure role. his decided military braring. The singular trander. Suddenly glancing at her com-use of his left hand in lifting his cup made panions, who were estentiationally lingering. That day they took it like a boy and girlwith the amused, omniscient youth for a past so inferior to the present for a brief moment wished, she knew not pendent American-French girl far superior appeal. Madame Ablas had a heart—more, she had a French manageres's discrimingting instinct. The American schoolgirl was a be paid his bill and walked ing instinct. The American schoolgirl was a be paid his bill and walked in a teacher's desk—her beam he tendered the waiter the unexampled in a teacher's desk—her beam he tendered the waiter the unexampled the same beam of the first and the same had been plainer. This mother than beam beam her than the destruction as the plainer. This mother than the destruction is a same had a heart—more, light are superior to the obsequious filles d'homeur whose mentary restraint was accepted by the entrance of a lady and gentleman—rather distingue in dress and bearing who had stopped truth of her fellow pupil's mischievous critical and the counter of the c quonces, and Helen vaguely realized the truth of her fellow pupil's mischievous criticism of her companion that day at the Louvre. Surely there was no classical statue here comparable to the one-armed soldier painter. All this was as yet free from either sentiment or passion, and wis only the frank pride of friendship. But oddly enough their more presence and companionshi seemed to excite in others that tendernes they had not yet felt in themselves. Family groups watched the handsome pair in the innocent confidences, and with French ex uberent recognition of sentiment thought them the incarnation of love! Something is their manifest equality of condition kep even the vainest and most susceptible spectato's from attempted rivalry or cynical interruption. And when at last they dropped side by side on a sun-warmed stone bench on the terrace, and Helen, inclining her brown head turned toward her companion informed him of the difficulty she had experienced in getting gumbo soup, rice and chicken, corn cakes, or any of her favorite home dishes in Paris, an exhausted but

> bench and, politely lifting his hat to the handsome couple, turned slowly away from those tender confidences he would not permit himself to hear. But the shadow of the trees began to lengthen, easting broad bars across the alle, and the sun sank lower to the level of their eyes. They were quite surprised on look-ing around a few moments later to discover that the gardens were quite deserted, and Ostrander, on consulting his watch, found that they had just lost a train which the other pleasure seekers had evidently availed then.selves of. No matter, there was an-other train an hour later. They could still moved. The long windows of the palace that sunset light seemed to glisten ago and then went out blankly and abrupti The two companions felt that they possesse the terrace and all its memories

gallant boulevardier rose from a contiguous

died there. "I am so glad we have had this day to-gether," said the painter, with a very con-scious breaking of the glience, "for I am leaving Paris tomorrow."

Helen raised her eyes quickly to his. "For a few days only," he continued.
"My Russian costomers—perhaps I ought to say my patvons—have given me a commission to make a study of an old chateau which the princess lately bought. A swift recollection of her fellow pupil' raillery regarding the princess's possible at titude toward the painter came over her, and gave a strange artificality to her response.

"I suppose you will enjoy it very much, she said, dryly.
"No," he returned with the frankness tha she had lacked. "I'd much rather stay in Paris, but," he added with a faint smile, "it's a question of money, and that is not to be despised. Yet, I-I somehew feel that I am deserting you, leaving you here al

alone in Paris. "I've been alone here for five years." said with a bitterness she had never felt b fore, "and I suppose I'm accustomed to it." Nevertheless, she leaned a little forward with her fawn-colored lashes dropped ov-her eyes, which were bent upon the groun and the point of the parasol she was holding with her little gloved hands between her knees. He wondered why she did not look up; he did not know that it was partly be-cause there were tears in her eyes and partly for another reason. 1 As she had leaned forward his arm had quite unconsciously moved along the back of the bench where his shoul-ders had resied and she could not have re-sumed her position except in his half em-

instinct of protection drew him nearer this bowed but charming figure, and if he then noticed that the shoulders were pretty and the curves of the slim waist symmetrics), it was rather with a feeling of timidity and a half consciousness of unchivalrons thought. Yet why should he not try to keep the brave and honest girl near him always? Why should they not, they who were alone in a strange land, join their two lonely lives for mutual help and happinees? A sudden per-ception of delicacy, the thought that he should have spoken before her failure at the Conservatoire had made her feel her helpleseners, brought a slight color to his cheek. Would it not seem to her that he was taking an unfair advantage of her misfortune Yet it would be so easy now to slip a lov-ing arm around her waist while he could work for her and protect her with the other The other! His eye fell on his empty sleeve The other! His eye fell on his empty sleeve. Ah! he had forgotten that. He had but one arm!
He rose up abruptly—so abruptly that

Helen, ricing, too, almost touched the arm that was hurriedly withdrawn. Yet in that accidental contact which sent a vague tremor through the young girl's frame there was still time for him to have spoken. But he

only said: "Perhaps we had better dine."

She assented quickly-she knew not whywith a feeling of relief. They walked very quietly and slowly toward the restaurant. Not a word of love had been spoken; not even a glance of understanding had passed between them. Yet they both knew by some mysterious instinct that a crisis of their lives had come and gone and that they never again could be to each other as they wer but a brief moment ago. They talked ver sensibly and gravly during the frugal meal the previous speciator of their confidence would have now thought them only simp friends and have been as mistaken as be fore. They talked freely of their hopes an prospects—all save one! They even ap k pleasantly of repeating their little expedite after his return from the country, while their secret hearts they had both resolved never to see each other again. Yet by that sign each knew that this was love and wer both proud of each other's pride which kep it a secret.

The train was late and it was past 10 o'clock when they at last appeared before the conclerge of Helen's home. During their journey and while passing through the crowds at the station and in the strees Ostrander had exhibited a new and grave guardianship over the young girl, and on the rst landing, after a scrutnizing and as almost fierce glance at one or two of Helen odd fellow lodgers, he had extended his pro tection so far as to accompany her up th four flights to the landing of her apartment Here he took leave of her with a grav ourtesy that half pained, half plers d he She watched his broad shoulders and dang ing sleeve as he went down the stairs an then hurriedly turned, entered her room an locked the door. The smile had faded from her lips. Going to the window she prease her hot eyelids against the cool glass an looked out upon the stars nearly level with the black roofs around her. She stood ther some moments until another star appears higher up against the roof ridge—the sta she was looking for. But here the glapane before her eyes became presently dir with moisture. She was obliged to rub out with her handkerchief-yet somehow i turned sharply away and went to bed.



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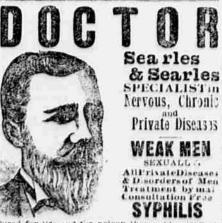
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